

AT LOCAL PLAYHOUSES

The Belasco—"Girls."

Mr. Clyde Fitch starts off his second half-century of plays with an undoubted success. His new play, "Girls," which had its premiere last night at the Belasco, was hardly ever a moment in doubt. It drew an audience that tested the capacity of the theater, and the play tested the audience's capacity for enjoyment and its power of applauding. It was a great triumph for Mr. Fitch, who was called out after the second act, and who responded in an apt and graceful speech.

The play is wonderfully enjoyable. The unusualness of the situations, the cleverness of the characterizations, the crispness and up-to-dateness of the sparkling dialogue carried the audience along in laughter and enjoyment right from the beginning, so that at the end of the first act, with its adroit climax, there were over a dozen curtain calls.

The play is thoroughly modern—modern right up to the moment. Allusions in the dialogue are to the things of yesterday; a bad singer reminds one character of the success of Tetrazzini, in New York. More than once a laugh is gotten out of the popularity of a recent much-discussed novel. Topics we all know are the topics of conversation throughout. Only once or twice, so cleverly is the play constructed and so well acted, does the audience seem to think of "Girls" as a play; it is a transcript from life, just a trifle overdone, perhaps, a little bit colored here and there, but just enough out of proportion to be easily recognizable in the glare of the footlights.

The story of "Girls" is simple. Three girls, mighty attractive, all of them, have formed a man-hating league under the leadership of Pamela Gordon, the strongest-minded and most bachelor-mindful of the lot. The others are Violet Lansdowne, stenographer and illustrator, and Kate West, a free lance writer, who turns actress. They "bach" together in a studio and are not having any top easy a time of it when the play begins, as all are out of work. In this first act the little housekeeping shifts; the artless chatter of the girls, who assume that they are wise; their would-be profound observations of the duties of girls toward the male sex—all this goes to show how set they are in their ways, why they even swear fidelity to the man-hating cause across hatpins, a trick learned from Southern in Hamlet. It is night, and they undress and go to bed; one in a folding bed, another on the sofa, and the third on a Morris chair turned up.

Risque as this may sound, it is not at all so; it is delicate and dainty and unusual; even when the pink frock of Miss Ruth McCliffe peeps under the covers. Then the serpent enters this twentieth century Eden in the shape of a man, Edgar Holt, who takes refuge in this bower of femininity because of events. It is he who first dares openly to ridicule their pretensions—even if the girls are in dishabille, and though his arguments appear to have no weight and he is forced to leave by the window, climbing across a tremendous bridge made of a multitude of hatpins. He is not, he has left the staid behind him and two of the girls fall asleep murmuring his first name.

The second act is in the law offices of Sprague & Holt. Kate West has been engaged for the stage, and is already in love with her manager, Pamela. Pamela has been engaged as secretary to Sprague & Holt, and Violet Lansdowne is helping her. Old man Sprague tries to flirt with Pamela, and she resents it, and is about to leave when the junior partner of the firm returns, and turns out to be none other than the Edgar who had invaded the girls' flat so unceremoniously two weeks before. So Pamela stays.

The last act is back in the studio again. In the meantime Violet has fallen in love with Frank Lott, a clerk at the law office, who comes and proposes to her; Kate West is engaged to her manager, and it only remains for Edgar Holt to come and break down the final barriers of Pamela Gordon's reserve and claim her for his own.

The comedy throughout is delightful. Of course, the theme is "bach," is the old "Taming of the Shrew" motif, revamped for the twentieth century, but it is as ever young and as love itself. The ending is, of course, inevitable—now as ever—the woman conquered, not so much by the strength of the man who wins her, as by the looking in her own heart and soul—a longing not to be denied by any woman, whether she call herself a bachelor maid or not.

Mr. Fitch owes a good deal to the excellence of the play of an excellent company. It was superbly good throughout. Laura Nelson Hall was finely womanly as Pamela, earnest and strong and surprising and conquering at the same time. Ruth McCliffe, as Violet, showed herself a capable and most intelligent player, delightfully ingenuitous, and with a most winning personality.

Miss Amy Ricard, as Kate West, was very clever and pleasing. A most successful and admirable actress, she was the Lucille Purcell, eleventh-hour of Zedda Sears, well remembered here for her clever work, so recently, with Mrs. Bloodgood in "The Truth."

Mr. Charles Cherry carried off the honors as Edgar Holt, his fine breeziness, his determination to win, his happy laughter, the whole-souled quality of his acting was a sheer delight. But even in the cast it is to be serving of special mention for excellent work. It was a fine interpretation of a most clever comedy—a play that is likely to do as much good for Mr. Fitch's reputation as any he has ever written.

The applause the play won last night was most heartily deserved, and it was well—

What fat person can tell when he knows, of course, what it means when your heart stops. It is all over. About 50 per cent of deaths from heart disease are caused by fatty degeneration of the heart. And the heart of every fat person skips a beat every few minutes. At any one of these skips that heart beat may be your last. If your heart goes thump-thump, te-te-thump, thump-thump, look out. As you read this you may fall back dead. I mean, Shaffell, a fat Iowa farmer, was found stone dead sitting in a chair, glaring with open, glassy eyes at a newspaper held firmly in his stiff, cold hands. These are not rare cases.

Excess fat is dangerous at all times. While the fat person may be of excellent good spirits, a happy, laughing soul, he knows not at what moment some slight overexertion may usher in death. You will have no time to prepare when the fatal second has arrived. It will be all over. Save yourself and your family such a calamity. You can do it by using "Rengo," without a doubt the most wonderful fat remedy which has ever been discovered. It is made of tropical fruit extracts, and is absolutely safe.

There is nothing "just as good" as Rengo. For sale by all druggists at \$1.00 per full sized box, or by mail prepaid, by The Rengo Company, 3222 Rong Building, Detroit, Mich. The company will gladly send you a trial package free by mail if you write them direct to Detroit; no free packages at drug stores.

For sale and recommended in Washington by A. J. Beck's drug store, 1429 Pennsylvania avenue northwest; H. Evans, 224 F street northwest; and People's drug store, 824 Seventh street.

gratifying that the author was present at the Belasco, and that he spontaneously testified and paid tribute to his cleverness. In a short speech at the end of the second act, he said:

"Ladies and gentlemen of Washington: I thank you very heartily for your most generous support. I only hope we have succeeded in making you as happy as you have made us. Our motto is 'We aim to please.' If, in this play, I have taken a dig at the bachelor girl, it is not because I have liked her less, but that I feared I was coming to love her more. She has been so successful lately, I was beginning to fear that she might learn to do without us altogether."

It is an altogether delightful aspect of the bachelor girl that Mr. Fitch has presented. Those who go see his "Girls" are sure to like them more, and to thank the clever author for the treat.

HECTOR FULLER.

The National—"Salomy Jane."

For a long period of time Bret Harte was denied his proper position in the annals of American literature, but in recent years he has been accorded a deserved high rank as a writer of fiction, especially in short-story form. His characters are real, yet picturesque. He makes them participate in incidents peculiarly characteristic of the time, place, and period of his story, and beneath the rough exterior of his personages we can readily see all of the paths accruing from simple natures, and much of the true manly instincts which guide the actions of miners, frontiersmen, and even outlaws and gamblers. Above all, he possessed a remarkable power of creating a perfect atmosphere by a few deft touches. It is a singular tribute to his genius that such writers and play producers as David Belasco and Paul Armstrong should go to him for material, but in the cases of "The Girl of the Golden West" and "Salomy Jane" the ends justify the means in both instances.

Out of the brief story by Harte, Mr. Armstrong has constructed an intensely interesting play of melodramatic tendencies, and in Miss Eleanor Robson we have an actress fitted by every quality of temperament and personality for the effective portrayal of that remarkable character, Salomy Jane. In fact, with Bret Harte's genius at the bottom, helped by Mr. Armstrong's constructive ability, and with Miss Robson's art at the end, what reason could there be for expecting anything uninteresting or inartistic?

The story revolves around the character of Salomy Jane Clay, a daughter of old Kentucky transplanted into the California mountains, and the change has not wrought a single variation in the bold, impulsive, and deeply emotional spirit inherited from her ancestors in the Kentucky mountains. With her blood in the veins, she is a law unto herself, and she is something that comes but once and lasts forever. She lives in what to most women would be constant terror, for her father, together with one Larrabee has brought from the dark and bloody ground one of those deadly family feuds to California, where there was already outstanding enough in the form of stage robbing and horse stealing. She is insulted by a ruffian named Baldwin, and calls on Rufe Waters, who aspires to her hand, to avenge the insult in blood.

He hesitates, and in the interim a stranger appears and takes the life of Baldwin, and the girl meeting him in the woods, immediately recognized in him her ideal, directs him to escape, but he is captured by a posse organized for the purpose of apprehending stage robbers, together with Red Pete Heath, and is condemned to death as an accessory. She takes leave of him in an intensely interesting scene, expecting to see him no more, but he escapes, and, instead of insuring safety by flight, he returns to her home, is nearly captured again, but again eludes the vigilantes by the aid of Salomy and Jack Marburg, a gentleman gambler, who is also in love with Salomy, kills Larrabee, who mistakes him for Salomy's father and fires from ambush, and finally all hands escape into safe territory. Of course, the whole thing is melodramatic, but melodrama of the common kind, where shots continually fall on the nerves and the fumes of saltpetre offend the nostrils. It is a melodrama with poetry, pathos, and living, consistent characters, and such rare nature as is to be found in the rapid and vivid, and the lines extremely bright.

Miss Robson adds to her numerous successes by her impersonation of the heroine. It is a wide stretch from Mary Ann to Salomy Jane, but this actress has versatility and high intelligence, and no change of character works any difference in her art. She properly conceives and intelligently plays the character, and artistic success is the result. She is slightly attractive as the impulsive, simple yet strong-souled child of nature, and her power was particularly emphasized in the scenes before the lynching and at the close of the play.

A fine character sketch is contributed by George W. Wilson, as Col. Starbottle, a Southern gentleman of the old school, a disciple of the code of honor in all affairs affecting honor, and a disciple of the flowing bowl in all affairs affecting social relations. Mr. Wilson's acting is decidedly edifying, and he makes one of the distinct bits of the production.

Another good sketch is that of A. S. Lipman, as Marburg, the gambler, the scoundrel, and the scoundrel who is doing in other stories as John Oakhurst and lately interpolated as Jack Rance, into "The Girl of the Golden West." Mr. Lipman gives a fine portrayal in all respects of the character of the gambler. Others of the splendid supporting company are Ada Dwyer, as Liza Heath; H. Warner, as "The Man;" Scott Cooper, as Yuba Bill; Earl Brown, as Rufe Waters; James Seelye, as Madison Clay, and three bright children, Marjorie Conway, Alma Sedley, and Donald Gallagher. The play was thoroughly enjoyed by a capacity audience, including a large number of those prominently known in political, literary, and social life.

Columbia—William Collier.

William Collier came to the Columbia Theater last night with his clever comedy, now in its second season, yeelp "Caught in the Rain," which is under suspicion of Collier authorship, aided and abetted by Grant Stewart. A large and thoroughly sympathetic audience was present, and although the recent excesses of the Columbia Theater has had with farce comedy tend to discourage attendance, there was a house full of smart talk, peppered with jokes, none of which is antiquated as to cause remark, but, on the contrary, are, or seem, quite new. Of course, there are many dramatic absurdities in "Caught in the Rain" if one wishes to go into the matter deeply, but there is nothing to offend those who recognize that the aim of farce and William Collier is to entertain and make you laugh. So you laugh—that's all. Even

when you think matters are growing serious and that the villain intends to make off with the money and the girl, and that the girl herself is about to give the hero his conge, comes a jest on schedule time, and again you laugh.

The acting of William Collier is like his writing, meant to interest people who are not striving for the uplift. He gets his effects easily, cleverly, and without resort to any sort of claptrap. He has a great mother wit which never seems to fail him, and his is the sort of acting and gagging that is most acceptable to people who are fairly aching to be amused in some new and novel manner. Collier is an institution for whom we cannot be sufficiently grateful, so long as we need comedians and farce comedy to cheer us up. But if we want something heavy, we must eschew his vicinity.

Mr. Collier has proved himself a sufficient force to carry his own plays, and is, therefore, clever enough to know that a good company can be of the utmost value to him, and he need not suffer in comparison.

Especially good is Miss Ellen Mortimer, who plays the role opposite the star's, very charmingly and daintily. Jane Laurel is a statuesque beauty, who caught the spirit of her part admirably. Helena Collier-Garick, as an inquisitive gossip, but whose lines are bright enough to render her a delight while she is on the stage, proved a good match for Collier in a clash of wits.

The men of the company, without exception, are good. They include N. H. Post, John Saville, Reginald Mason, Richard Sterling, Charles Poore, Thomas Martin, and Albert Perry.

The scenic effects of "Caught in the Rain" are not only of a decorative and attractive, but include some unique features, notably the rainstorm of real water in the first act, which gives the play its catchy title.

Chase—Polite Vaudeville.

Every section of the programme at Chase's this week is of sterling value, chief among the entertainers being "Our U. S. A. Boys," Tricie Friganza, the Olivetti Troubadours, and Chris Richards. The U. S. A. Boys execute perfectly and brilliantly all kinds of infantry and artillery movements. The alignment and order preserved all through their difficult and various drills easily surpass anything of a similar nature that has been seen here. This act is dazzling and inspiring. Tricie Friganza is one of vaudeville's latest recruits. Her work in musical comedy during recent years has won her a high place, and the share of entertainment she contributed yesterday was not a disappointment to great expectations. The Olivetti Troubadours, in popular selections, with variations in some cases, commanded round applause and were called on for encore after encore. The Troubadours that played the "fiddle" was simply a caution. He fairly made his instrument pulsate with emotion, while the people were in the same key. Any artist who gets the better of this violin player must arise early. Chris Richards, in an eccentric bit of song and dance, with most original features, was refreshing.

The well-known writers of popular songs, Harry Armstrong and William Clark, furnished a couple of the selections of the programme, singing sentimental and comic songs with equal success. The ever popular piano was introduced in timely fashion. In an act entitled "A Room Upside Down," W. S. Harvey succeeded in maintaining equilibrium while balancing things on all parts of his face, from a yard strip of paper to an oak double bed with fixings. He was assisted by Miss Madeline Anderson, who also rendered prettily a favorite song. Henry Clive, ably supported by Miss Mai Sturgis Walker, in knickerbockers, did card and other tricks cleverly, while he said amusing things to the audiences. The vaudeville picture represented the military tournament at Samur.

The Academy—"In Old Kentucky."

"In Old Kentucky" the mellowest of melodramas on its fifteenth annual tour of deserved popular success, made its bow once more at the New Academy last night to a crowded house of enthusiastic and thoroughly delighted theatergoers.

The story is known to all lovers of melodrama, and proved once again its power to hold the attention of the auditors throughout the many dramatic, thrilling, and thoroughly well constructed scenes and effective climaxes.

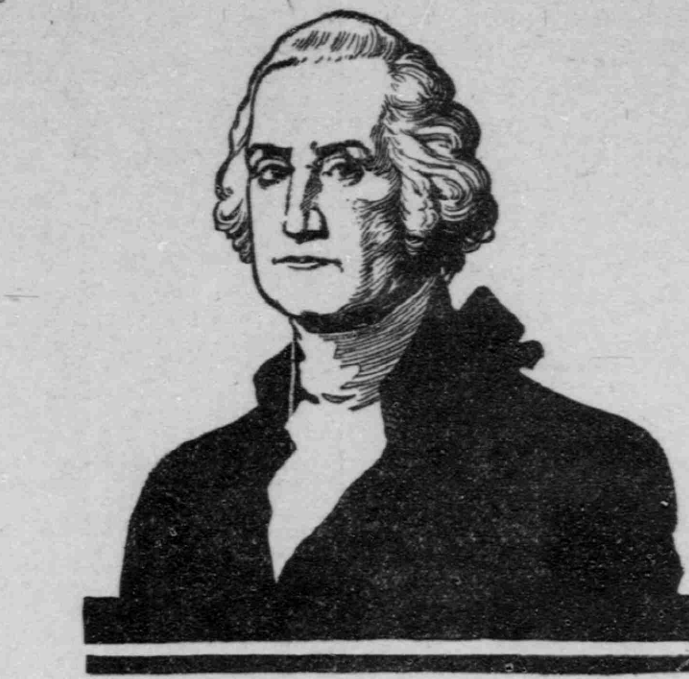
The production is new and complete in all its details, and is truly brighter, fresher, and better than is usual after plays have had such phenomenal runs as this wholesome American play of the fair bluegrass region of Kentucky, with its many human types of vigorous men and fair and brave gentlewomen.

The love story throughout the play is sweet and appealing, abounding both in pathos and humor, culminating in the stirring race-track scene in which good old Queen Becca carries all before her, and romps home as winner of the big event.

The cast throughout is well chosen, each part being enacted in a praiseworthy manner.

Mrs. May Stockton was sweet and girlish as Madge, the mountain lass, and clever portrayals of all the many other characters were given by the large, well-balanced cast. The pickaninny band and

back and soft shoe dancers were excellent and were given a big share of the approbation of the big house.



George Washington

UNTIL every generation of Americans George Washington is justly held to be the purest figure in history—a superb example of the perfect citizen—a just and righteous ruler and "a light for after time."

This commanding personality had a magnificent physique. He stood over six feet in his stockings, was remarkable for horsemanship, agility and strength—the finest gentleman and athlete of his day.

His constitution was of iron and he knew how to keep it so. His biographers declare that in eating and in drinking as in all things he was normal; enjoying the juice of the malt all the days of his life. He drank it around campfires, as well as in his own home and upon social and state occasions.

Furthermore, upon his Mount Vernon plantation he had a brew house, as was the regular custom of wealthy Virginians.

"In Virginia the richer colonists brewed beer from malt imported from England."—Nat'l Mag. Hist., vol. 16, page 150.

Ford's Biography [1900], page 193. "Quotations from Samuel Stearn's ibid."

History of Virginia, by Roger Beverly.

Colonial Liquor Laws [Thomas], page 60.

NOTABLE SPRING OPENING

J. G. Pattee Company Displays Fashionable Fabrics.

Newest Patterns and Models in Suits, Waists, Lingerie, &c. Are Shown in Sales Rooms.

A line of stylish, exclusive, and serviceable tailored suits, wraps, waists, and other outer garments for women was displayed yesterday, the first of the three days, spring opening of J. G. Pattee Company, 131 G Street.

The show room was decorated with palms, Southern smilax, sprays of spiral, and shaded tones of azaleas, a background for the ready-to-wear gowns, in linen and lingerie effects. A complete line of fancy and plain tailored suits for street and for morning wear are shown in novelty cloths and plain cloths.

For severe lines one pleasing model was a half inch check in mauve tones, the check outlined in sage green hair lines. Three-quarter sleeves were the model used in this suit, with cuffs and collar of the same shade of green velvet, and velvet buttons trimmed the back.

Invisible stripes in shades of brown are still popular. Combined with trimmings of moire and the inevitable touch of gold, which stamps the best models of the spring, they are attractive.

Blue is a necessity to the young woman's wardrobe. Some model or other is never worn to better advantage than when fashioned into an afternoon frock in linen or silk. A number of such styles are among the best in the display.

Princess gowns still hold their own. One particularly pretty model in this style of gown is of old blue taffeta with shoulder tucks outlining the upper part of the bodice.

C. A. V. HARTLEBEN, D. D. S., OF WASHINGTON.

Writes Letter Which May Be of Great Interest to Skin Sufferers of This City.

Washington, D. C., Oct. 16, 1907. By one who cannot praise D. D. D. too highly.

It's medicinal, soothing, and the effect is miraculous. I do not know what I would have done without it. It beats the devil—and eczema is hell.

I recommend it to every one I can. God knows it has saved me a heap of suffering.

C. A. V. HARTLEBEN, D. D. S., 1015 Fourteenth street northwest.

What D. D. D. did in this case it ought to do for you. This wonderful remedy is now recognized by the foremost physicians and scientists as the quickest and surest cure for eczema and skin disease of any nature. This remedy is as safe and pleasant to use as pure water, and is applied directly to the afflicted parts, leaving no bad odor or sticky, salty substance. The first application gives INSTANT RELIEF, and as far as we have been able to investigate quickly effects the most astonishing and permanent cures wherever rightly used. If you are a sufferer from any kind of itch or skin disease of any nature do not fail to try this remarkable remedy. Pamphlets on skin diseases and their cure, diet, exercise, bathing, &c., free at our store.

For sale and recommended in Washington by H. Evans, 324 F street northwest. Only ten cents a week, delivered at your door—the daily issues of The Washington Herald. Phone Main 3300.

Budweiser

IT shines like liquid gold—it sparkles like amber dew—it quickens with life—a right lusty beer—brewed conscientiously for over fifty years from barley and hops only.

It prolongs youth and preserves physical charm—giving strength to muscle, mind and bone—a right royal beverage for the home.

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Bottled only at the ANHEUSER-BUSCH BREWERY St. Louis, Mo.

Chas. H. Mayhew

Mgr. Anheuser-Busch Brg. Assn. Washington, D. C.

NEW HOTEL AT CAPE MAY.

Most Magnificent Seashore Hostelry in World Is Completed.

Cape May City, N. J., March 9.—The new Hotel Cape May, the most magnificent seashore hotel in the world, has just been completed and will open its initial season April 15.

Every essential to comfort and luxury has been provided in this modern fireproof hostelry. It is distinctively metropolitan in every appointment and its location commands an unsurpassing view of the ocean.

More than one million dollars was expended in the construction and furnishing of this hotel. Built entirely of brick, stone, and steel, and equipped with every mechanical and electrical improvement, it is absolutely fireproof. The elevators are of the newest safety plunger type and are enclosed in fire and smoke proof shafts. The entire building is equipped with steam heat and electric light.

The approach to the hotel is made up broad stone terraces which lead from the beach drive. These end at a magnificent stone veranda, which opens into the most elaborate and costly lobby ever designed for a watering place hostelry. Exquisite Siena marble floors, either side of the lobby, while clusters of massive Corinthian columns give it an architectural magnificence only found in the metropolises.

An ornate glass dome of surpassing beauty lights the lobby, the glazing ray weaving a myriad of colors, which harmonize beautifully with the mosaic floor and general color scheme beneath. The lounging and waiting rooms, sumptuously furnished, are on either side of the lobby and overlook open courts.

Credit for All Washington

New Spring Furniture

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